

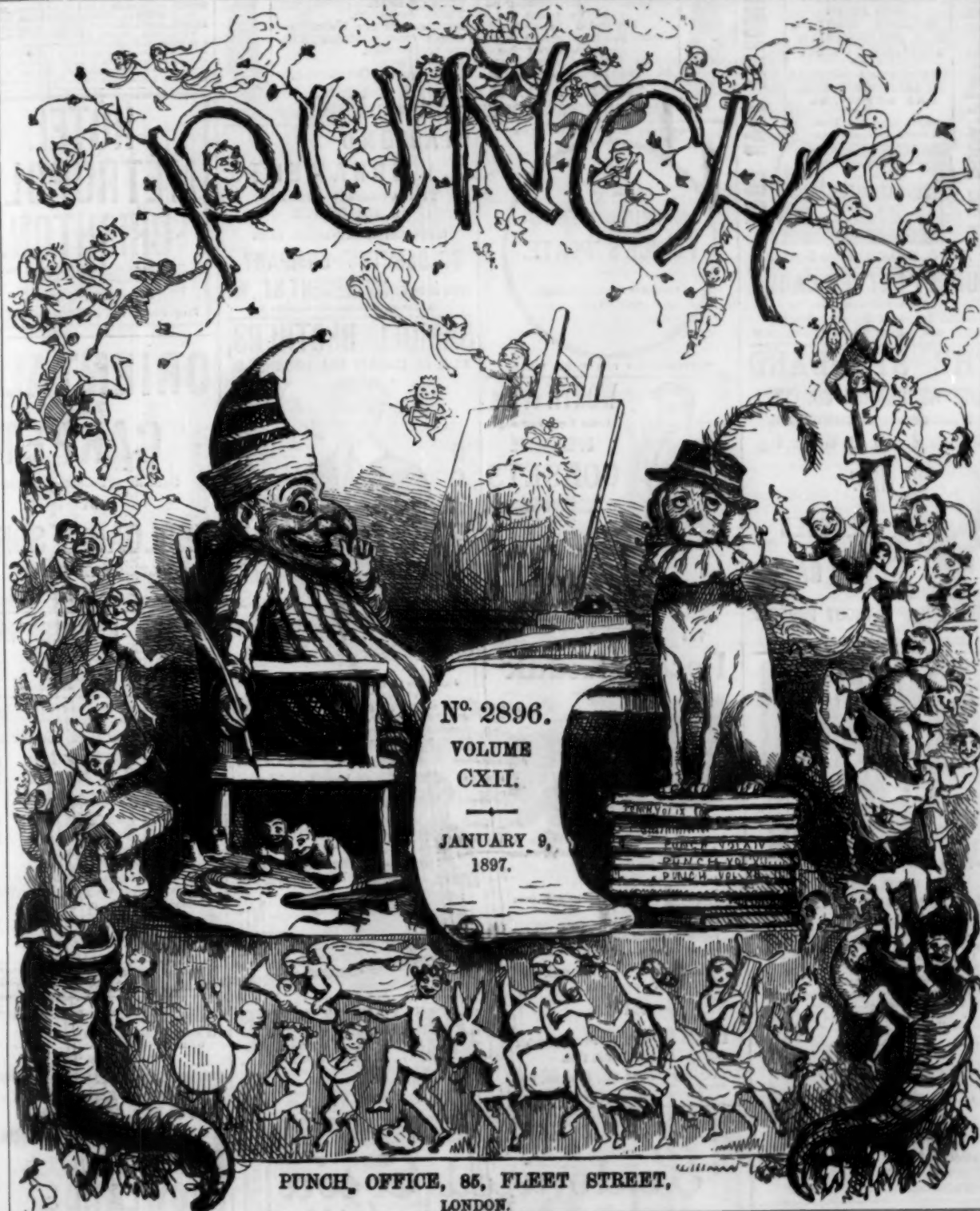
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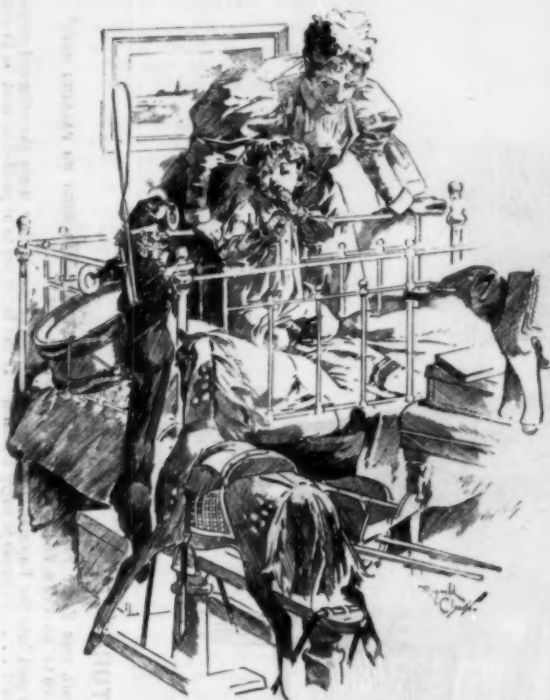
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"SANTA CLAUS"; A REMINISCENCE OF CHRISTMAS.

"OH! HE'S BEEN!!"

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

NOTES SUR L'ALMANACH (suite).

JULY.—During this month all the world goes to the regattas of Henley on the Thames. These regattas are charming, if he falls not of the rain. *Hélas!* That arrives often in England. All the long of the river some boat-houses of the most prettys, of the most coquettes, are placed, and there find themselves reunited all that he has there of the most elegant—the nobleness, the sportmen, and the high finance. And above all the most adorable misses, themselves charming like some roses, dressed in pretty robes gay like some flowers, are there on the boat-houses, all adorned of pretty plants. It is one can not more gracious. A little more late there is the races of Goodwood—*voilà* a word where one finds enough of the letter O, *n'est-ce pas?*

AUGUST.—The season at London terminates at the fine of the month of July, and the nobleness and the burgesay go themselves away, the ones to the regattas of Cows, or to the border of the sea, the others to the country, or in Scotland, or in the land of Wales. A great number traverse the sea for to make a voyage of agreement at the stranger. The English love much the voyage, and at cause of that one encounters *partout* the voyageurs Cook. Those who go in Scotland commence the twelve the chase to the grouses. The regattas of Cows, town of the Island of Wight, very frequented by the high nobleness, are all that he has there of the most cheek, *chic*. One sees there all the elegant worlders, *mondains*. The judges, the advocates, the avowed, and the other men of law go themselves away also during the grand vacations, and of same the bankers quit their banks, the negotiators quit their cases—*causes*—and the pursers quit the Purse, or Stockexchange. Even some ones of the medicins can to quit their ills, *malades*.

SEPTEMBER.—During the month of September the vacations continue still. There is relaxation, *relâche*, at almost all the theatres of London, there is no more of concert, nor of exposition of pictures, nor of game of cricket, nor of game of "polow" in the ground of Hurlingame. The houses of the "Oustend" are closed, and one sees there but some "caretackers" and some cats. During this month there is the races of the Saint Leger. Until here I have never heard to speak of this saint, of who one ignores the true name, but it is evident that he was old goodman,

vieux bonhomme, because he loved the races, and was even so gay that one calls him *le saint léger*. He is patron of the "book-mackers." The twenty-nine, the Saint Michael, all the English eat some geese. It is invariably in eating that they celebrate a feast. At the fine of this month, or in October, the municipality of London commences the reparation of the pavings, and each street becomes an end of sack, *cul-de-sac*, that which continues long time after the vacations, sometimes until Christmas.

PROVINCIAL SKETCHES.

NO. VIII.—THE COLONEL.

THE urchins used to tremble when the Colonel's gate they saw, For trespassers were threatened with the rigour of the law, And notices were posted up that scared the boldest ones—"Beware of Savage Dogs!"—"Beware of Man-traps and Spring-guns!"

Behind these formidable works the Colonel felt secure; He fed his *Gloires de Dijon* with the choicest of manure, He thinned his single dahlias or bedded out the stocks, Or pruned the trees or stuck the peas or trimmed the beds of box. At times, too, in his study, he would pore with puzzled looks On tables of statistics in the Government Blue Books, Make notes with conscientious care, and gather illustration For his tract, "The Crime of Charity without Discrimination."

And when he met with beggars—and the beggars all took care He should meet them fairly often—he would fly at them and swear.

They were idle good-for-nothings, and he'd have them sent to jail, And—no! they needn't come to him with any whining tale!— And he quoted from his pamphlet and dismissed them with a frown,

And, if no one were about, a surreptitious half-a-crown.

The beggars used to thank him for his alms in Heaven's name, And straightway out of gratitude proceed to poach his game, Then would the Colonel vow revenge and swear the rogues should pay,

And might he go to Hades if the rascals got away!

And once it is recorded that his anger burst all bounds, And he positively charged a scamp with poaching on his grounds; But when the rogue was fined and swore he hadn't any pelf, The Colonel shook him by the hand and paid the fine himself.

The boys, too, lost their terror of the man-traps and spring-guns,

And the cherry-trees were pillaged by the poachers and their sons,

Who flocked about the orchard like the bees about a hive, Till the Colonel vowed he'd take his whip and flay the lot alive. He caught a pair of urchins and he swore he'd make them squeal, He'd flog them till they couldn't stand—he'd teach them how to steal,

And he dragged them off to slaughter.—When the urchins reappeared

Their mouths were full of toffy and their cheeks with jam were smeared.

And so it somehow happened that, despite the strange beginning,

A friendship sprang and flourished 'twixt the sinned against and sinning,

And often of an evening, when the balmy Zephyr blows, And the odour of the lavender is mingled with the rose,

The Colonel seeks his garden where he puffs his brown cheroot, Stretched at his ease beneath the trees among his flowers and fruit.

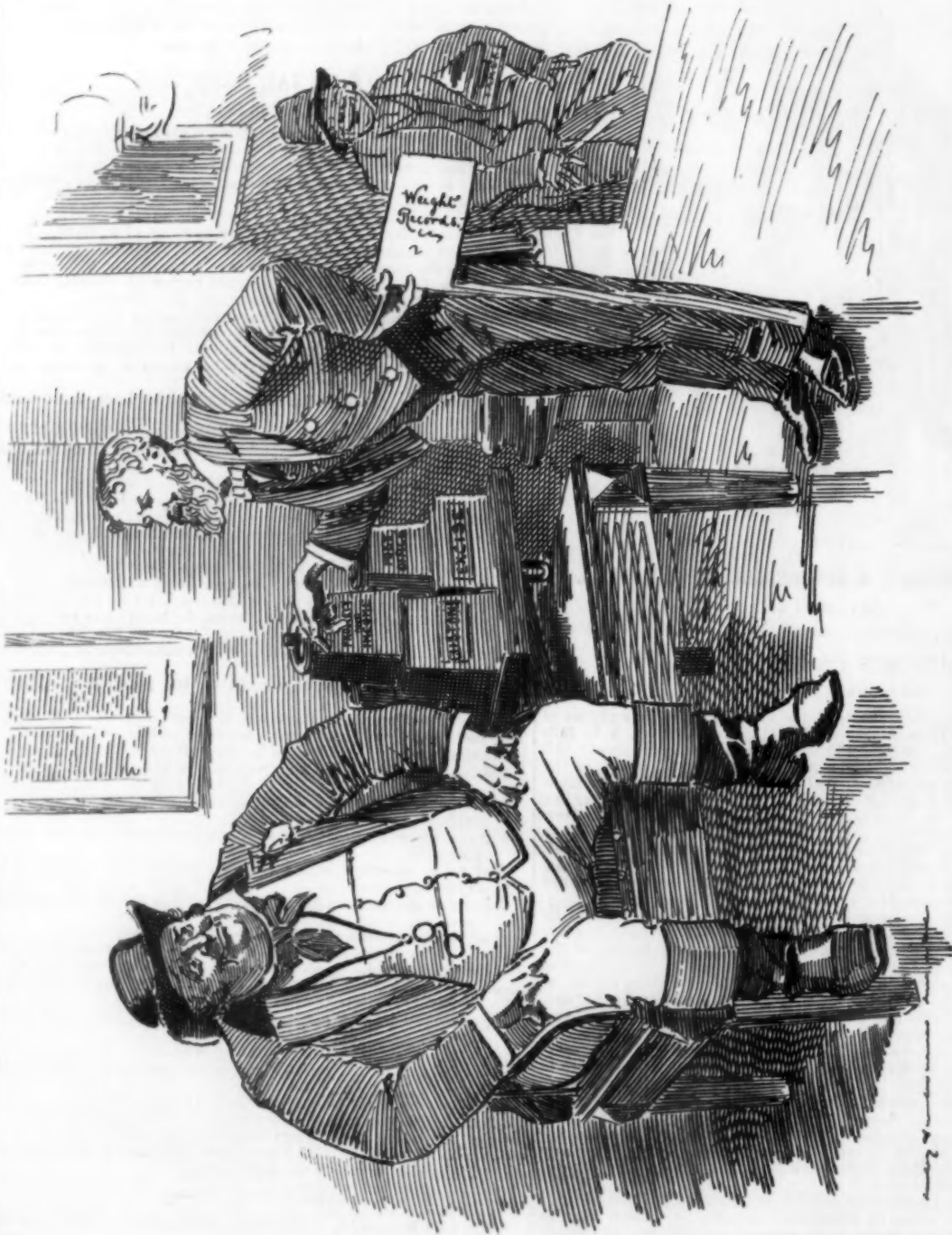
Then come the urchins running when his gaunt, grey form they see,

And they clamour for a story as they crowd about his knee, And he tells of siege and battle, till the youngsters hold their breath,

And he tells of deeds of daring in the very jaws of death, And he tells them of the heroes that have won a soldier's grave, And he tells them of the glory that is given to the brave.

"Courage!" he cries. "Be heroes, too, and dare to do and die! Ah! *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!*"

"OH, THE RARITY!"—"Of all the substances we meet with in this world," says the Scotsman, "water is in many respects the most wonderful." There is some obscurity about this frank admission. Is it water for mixing purposes, or for the morning tub, the rarity of whose acquaintance extorts the solemn exclamation? The fact that it resounds from Edinburgh on New Year's Eve favours the first suggestion.



"MANY HAPPY 'RETURNS'!"

House Steward (Sir M. Hicks-Bech—to Mr. John Bull). "HAPPY TO FIND, SIR, THAT FROM APRIL THE FIRST TO THE END OF DECEMBER THERE HAS BEEN NO FALLING OFF."
 The "Broth of a Boy" (aside). "BE JABERS! WHEN I CHUCK MY WEIGHT INTO THE SCALE, THAT 'LL TAKE THE COMPLACENCY OUT OF HIM!"
 ["On the nine months to date the net increase in the gross revenue is £1,780,000, and in the revenue paid into the Imperial Exchequer £1,284,000, or nearly four times the estimated surplus for the whole year." . . . "The good revenue is pretty fully mortgaged . . . to no sop to angry Irishmen. If the latter are to be pacified it must be in some other way."—*Standard*, January 1, 1897.]

THE OLD TO THE NEW.

"THERE'S nothing new beneath the sun,"
Yet, now the Old Year's course is run,
We greet the next as New.
Ring out, wild bells! Well, they ring
out,
But, 'midst their merry noise, we doubt
If more than the old clash and shout
Makes music sweet as true.

As each stout arm tugs at its rope,
We strive to read the tones of Hope
Into the clangorous clatter;
But so we did when Ninety-six
Was at our door. We count our chicks
Before they're hatched; but Time's old
tricks

Make hope a doubtful matter.

We trust there'll be a boom in trade,
We hope no other reckless raid
Will gladden Boer and Teuton.
We pray that the Armenian murk
May lighten, that the chuckling Turk
Won't cut us out a mournful work
Humanity fain is mute on.

We hope that Concert may at length
Tune up in unison and strength,
Whoever be its leader.

We trust that Pity may no more
At the barred European door
Stand helpless, for the suffering poor
An unregarded pleader.

But whether anything more new
Than the New Woman greet our view,
Seems just a bit uncertain.
Ring out the old—when the old's bad!—
But, Ninety-seven, my hopeful lad,
Let some "good news" make our hearts
glad
Before you drop the curtain!

THE NEW HUMANITY.

(With Compliments to those who consider Dickens's
"Christmas Carol" out of date.)

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—Now that Christmas
is well over, and we have got comfortably
into the New Year, I will let you into a
secret. I have set my face against all the
absurd customs of Yule-tide, with the hap-
piest result.

I began the festival by ignoring Boxing
Day. Why should the dustman, the baker,
the turncock, and the police have a shilling
a-piece? They don't give me presents,
then why should I remember them?

Then the idea of commencing the New
Year peacefully is absurdly conventional.
Why should I outrage my feelings because
one set of 365 days is ended, and another
set of 365 days is about to commence? So
I fell out with my friends and cut my
family all round. I am pleased to say that
at this moment I am not on speaking
terms with my sons, have turned my
daughter out of doors, and have just
signed a deed of separation with my wife.
Thus I commence the year untrammelled
by family ties, and free from responsibil-
ities that have always been irksome.

Finally, I conclude by failing to wish
you the compliments of the season, as the
senseless greeting is out of date, and con-
sequently inappropriate. So no more at
present from

Yours sincerely,
A. KERN MUDGON.

AT FRASCATI'S, in Oxford Street, an or-
chestra performs during lunch. Of course,
the selections in a grill-room would be
chiefly from CHOPIN.



UNGENTLE PERSUASION.

Mother. "TOMMY, WHAT ON EARTH IS BABY CRYING FOR?"

Tommy. "HE'S ANGRY WITH ME, MAMMA, BECAUSE I WAS TRYING TO MAKE HIM SMILE
WITH YOUR GLOVE-STRETCHER."

"MADE IN GERMANY."

HOWSOEVER British Trade
Be affected by the Teuton,
Some things there are surely made
It were prudent to be mute on.
Ravings of the reptile Press,
Speeches by a shouting Kaiser,
Meet with such a small success
That to drop them would be wiser.
But the Teutons of one trade
Seem monopolists outspoken;
'Tis of tricky treaties, made
(Like old pie crusts) to be broken!
(Countersigned by O. VON BISMARCK,
Or most plainly bearing his mark!)

"DEMANDE JOYEUSE."—Supposez que
vous soyez à Londres, et que vous aper-
ceviez des souris courant sur les genoux
d'un de vos amis, quel est le nom d'un
fameux peintre français que rappellerait
cette circonstance?

Answer. "Mice on knee, eh?"

[We are informed that our poor dear friend means
"MISERONIER."—ED.]

PIPING TIMES!—We congratulate "Sir
FREDERICK WILLS, Bart." Her Majesty,
having taken a "Bird's-eye" view of his
past services, has given him a "short cut"
towards the peerage.



THE "NEW HOUSEMAID."

Proposed Mistress. "LET ME SEE—WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"
Candidate for Domestic Honours. "GWENDOLEN GLADYS BLANCHE."
P. M. "I'M AFRAID THAT I SHALL HAVE TO CALL YOU 'MARTHA.'"
C. "NOT ME! I COULDN'T DISGRACE MY GODPARENTS NOT TO PLEASE THE QUEEN. GOOD MORNIN'." *[Departs disgusted.]*

THE ARMY CANDIDATE'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Desiring to adopt the military profession—presumably with the view of preserving the honour of the British flag—what steps are necessary to carry out your patriotic motive?

Answer. It is requisite that I should pass the qualifying examinations.

Q. Quite so. And how do you propose bringing this rather ambitious scheme to a successful issue?

A. By obtaining a sufficient number of marks.

Q. Certainly. And how are these to be secured?

A. By spending nearly every hour of five years of my life in the class-rooms of a professional crammer.

Q. But will not this entail considerable expense?

A. Very considerable; but as it will be borne by my parents that is a matter that has for me no personal concern.

Q. Will not your parents regard the coach's bills as a pecuniary substitute for the old-fashioned system of purchasing a commission?

A. Most probably; and if my progenitors are good at figures they will not improbably consider the sum sunk in tuition as money lost, rather than as cash invested, to be returned on my retirement from soldiering.

Q. Then cramming serves as a bar to a call to arms as effectually as purchase?

A. So it may be said. But again, that is an affair that has no claim upon my individual attention.

Q. Leaving the question of cost out of the calculation, will not you have to take up a number of subjects that never occurred to the First Duke of WELLINGTON?

A. Undoubtedly; but then his deceased grace had strange ideas about the officering of the Army. He is credited with

having once declared that Waterloo was won on the Playing-Fields at Eton.

Q. Adopting his opinions for a moment, what do you know of athletic sports?

A. Next to nothing, as all my knowledge has been derived from hearsay evidence.

Q. Could you captain a cricket eleven or a football team?

A. Certainly not; and it would be absurd to learn anything about the occupation, as the subject is not one recognised by the examiners.

Q. Could you manoeuvre an army in the field?

A. Not unless I found myself in a position to do so from a forced acquaintance with hydrostatics, geometrical drawing, and other knowledge of a kindred character.

Q. Then you will sacrifice physical fitness to mental progress?

A. I have no choice. I must employ my time in learning the subjects required by the examiners.

Q. But if this be so, how can you keep up the glory of England?

A. By following in the steps of my predecessors.

Q. But those steps appear to have been in a different direction. Can you not find a better answer to the question?

A. In the absence of physical training, I must trust to the fact that I am by birthright an Englishman.

Q. Certainly. And as an Englishman what is your opinion on the subject generally?

A. That Britannia rules the waves, and, in spite of the restrictions of the examinations, Britons will never, never, never be slaves.

Q. One question more. Is this last answer of yours logical?

A. No, it is something better—it is patriotic.

NO "CURLING" OF THE UPPER LIP.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—An Army Circular has just been issued, by which officers of Her Majesty's Land Forces are reminded that according to Section VII., Par. 25, of the Queen's Regulations:—

"Moustaches are to be worn, and the chin and under lip are to be shaved (except by pioneers, who will wear beards). Whiskers, when worn, are to be of moderate length."

I know, Sir, that the above notice refers to the fact that many young military men have recently taken to shaving the upper lip. But, indeed, the custom has prevailed mainly in *self defence*. Let me cite my own case. I had tried for at least eighteen months to promote the moustaches, so imperatively demanded by our Sovereign. The compounds with which I have anointed my upper labial have been expensive, irritating, unseemly, and, alas! useless. I am a congenial JACOB, and if ever appointed a pioneer could not raise the necessary bird's nest. As to whiskers, I have often wondered, when looking at pictures of the late lamented Lord DUNDREARY, whence he derived them. As a last endeavour to conform with the Queen's commands, I have, under professional advice, severely scraped my face thrice a day, and under the same professional advice I have arrived at the conclusion that possibly eighteen distinct hirsute tributes to Her Majesty's regulations—a thin red line indeed—might surmount my teeth. Do you think that Our August Ruler and Lord WOLSELEY will be satisfied with this show of zeal? Are the Duke of CAMBRIDGE's whiskers up to regulation form? Must I abandon my profession?

Yours in despair,
 RUFUS LEONIDAS NIPCHIN,
 Lieutenant.

Aldershot.

(Name of regiment indecipherable.)

[We recommend our Correspondent to keep his hair on, if he can.—Ed.]

The Ear and the Voice on the Transvaal.

[President KRUGER does not believe in idle reports, and Mr. CECIL RHODES does not speak out for the sake of others.]

A "DUMB CRAMBO" duet mid South African fears,

By two powerful men has but lately been sung.

"OOM PAUL" makes a point of fast shutting his ears,
 And Rhodesian CECIL of holding his tongue.

After a Trip to London.

Archie. Weel, SANDY, an' hoo did ye pass the time in Lunnon?
 Sandy. Richt brawly, mon. An' forbye, when I'd clappit a stove pipe on my head and put on a frockit coat, 'deed, ARCHIE, if there was a Southron but didna' take me for a Cockney born and bred!

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

(Letters from Mr. R. to his Nephew at Cambridge, and to Others.)

NO. VI.—OF LETTERS—OF YOUTHFUL HUMOUR AND GAIETY—OF STYLE AND ITS STUDY—OF CHARLES LAMB, HÆLITT, AND CHARLES READE.

MY DEAR JACK,—Your letter demands a reply. You say (I quote textually) "I have bought NAPIER's Peninsula and old MABOT, and I've tackled MABOT because he's shorter. It's simply ripping. I never read such good fighting in my life. That bit where his mare tore a Russian's face bang off and pulled an officer to bits is grand. If old MABOT has written anything else I wish you'd let me know, as I shall certainly buy it." I commend your honest enthusiasm, my dear JACK, and I don't carp at the simple style in which you express it. "Ripping" is an emphatic word that in its way is probably as good as "awful," and "stunning," and other words affected by a former generation of youths for the expression of their astonishment or their pleasure; and for my part, I would rather have a lad write a letter in the style that best suits him for conveying his thoughts, the direct and forcible style of the schoolboy, than pick and choose with a precise and laborious care the exotics of language that convey nothing except the writer's own precious affectation and lack of sincerity.

But there's a happy mean, JACK, there's a happy mean. Nearly all youngsters have humour and gaiety, and a bright sense of laughter. Alas, as life progresses and the world lays its deadly clutch upon them—when they pass from careless youth to domestic happiness, the payment of weekly bills and the charge of a growing family afflicted by measles, or clamorously demanding to be clothed, to be sent to the seaside or to school, and generally obscuring the leisure and clogging the energies of their parents—when, as I say, they suffer this change, gaiety and the sense of laughter recede at the advent of the rate-collector and the butcher, and the happy spirit of undergraduate dinners is turned into the dull and plodding citizen.

Still, while there is youth there is brightness—but the brightness does not often find its way into the letters in which the feelings of youth are expressed. It is a vain thing consciously to sit down in order to study style with a view to self-improvement. Legions of prigs and pedants are doing it, I know, all the world over at this very moment, inspired to their dreadful undertaking by the rash and unthinking words of this or the other successful man of letters, who, under the compulsion of an interview may have confessed that as a boy he formed himself upon the model of ADDISON, and that to this fact he attributes the marvellous sale of his latest novel dealing with plot and passion. So, when stretched upon the rack, or with his thumbs fixed in the screws, a mediæval victim would abjure errors of which he was not guilty, and confess to crimes that he had never committed. Still, if you read well-written books, your taste in words and sentences must gradually improve. Why not try the essays and letters of CHARLES LAMB? Even a boy who has just passed his Little Go (did I congratulate you upon the auspicious event?) must, I think, submit to the fascination and enchantment of this master of insight, whimsical humour and playful, tender regret. And how manly he is in the midst of his weaknesses, how simple, how human. If you read his letters you will learn to love him not merely as a writer, but as a friend endeared to your heart by innumerable acts of affection and friendship, and by delightful sallies never darkened by the sullen, gloomy broodings that make companionship and life itself a burden. Then, if you want another manly, breezy, hard-hitting fellow to cheer you along, take a turn with HÆLITT, and begin, as you are fond of fighting, with his account of the prize-fight at Bristol, in which the Gasman was forced to throw up the sponge. There's a piece of splendid writing for you. I cannot think of a higher compliment than to say that it does not suffer even by comparison with that immortal battle in *Rodney Stone*, with which my friend MR. CONAN DOYLE has lately set our sluggish blood tingling. And for another fight take dear old crotchety CHARLES READE's *Hard Cash*. I took it up again only the other day, and had to read it to the end before I put it down. They talk rashly of epics now and again, I notice, in connection with some book or other that comes tumbling into the reviewer's hands, but *Hard Cash* is an epic if ever there was one, and the fight of the East Indiaman with the pirate ships is one that HOMER would have rejoiced to witness, and to consecrate in hexameters.

Farewell, JACK; I am glad to hear that your new dog is no undistinguished or merciful enemy of rats. My compliments to him, and my love to you. Your affectionate uncle, BON.

AXIOM OF THE POSTMAN AT CHRISTMAS.—Tip for tap.



"No, MISS CONSTANCE, I DO NOT 'BIKE.' THE PRACTICE HAS BECOME SO EFFEMINATE, YOU KNOW!"

THE ELECTIONS OF THE FUTURE.

(A Forecast based on the situation in Cleveland and Forfarshire.)

First Electioneering Agent. Well, we've got a satisfactory candidate at last. All my voters are delighted with him!

Second E. A. Our constituents are equally pleased with my choice. A thoroughly satisfactory and able advocate of popular views!

First E. A. Might I ask, in all confidence, where you found your man? Because—*(Hesitates.)*

Second E. A. Well—I know you had a little difficulty at first, eh? To tell the truth, so had I.

First E. A. Just so; but now we know that the old saw about distance and enchantment still cuts crisply?

Second E. A. Precisely! *(Looking stealthily around.)* And where do you think I made my find?

First E. A. Not in Great Britain, I'll lay a sovereign.

Second E. A. You're right! *(Whispers.)* We cabled for him from Behring's Straits. Good move?

First E. A. Admirable! I secured my man by a special messenger to the Gobi Desert.

Second E. A. Call yours a go-bye election, eh?

First E. A. And yours a case of may and seals. By the way, what's your champion's name?

Second E. A. ULYSSES TELEMACHUS.

First E. A. *(aghast.)* What? Why, that's my man! ULYSSES TELEMACHUS shall stand for me.

Second E. A. But sit for me!

[Tableau and curtain.]

[ULYSSES TELEMACHUS falls between two stools. Electioneering agents determine in future to discover eligible candidates nearer home.]



NEW DEPARTURE IN ADVERTISING.

MEMBERS OF THE ARISTOCRACY AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED SPORTSMEN MAY NOW INCREASE THEIR INCOMES BY FULFILLING THEIR EVENING ENGAGEMENTS IN THE STYLE SUGGESTED ABOVE.

THE NEW SHAMROCK OF OLD IRELAND.

(An Irish Melody more or less after Moore.)

AIR—"Oh, the Shamrock!"
 THROUGH Erin's Isle,
 A weary while,
 Were Green and Orange fighting;
 Till £ s. d.
 Joined them with glee,
 The rival tints uniting.
 Now, where they pass
 A triple grass
 Shoots up, like Sydenham's rockets.
 "Union of Hearts"
 Fails, but this starts
 The Union of Pockets!
 Oh! the Shamrock, the green (and yellow)
 Shamrock!
 For £ s. d.
 Henceforth shall be
 Old Erin's genuine Shamrock!
 Says SEXTON, "See,
 This sprang from Me,
 The Saxon Chancellors scorning!"
 Says CASTLETOWN,
 "Faith, I must own
 You did give us fair warning."
 DUNRAVEN, too,
 Joins the same crew
 As DILLON, nay, as DALY;
 The new type blends
 Old foes as friends
 In the same galley gaily.
 Oh! the Shamrock, the green (and yellow)
 Shamrock!
 Sure, £ s. d.
 Henceforth must be
 Old Erin's typic Shamrock!

So firmly fond
 Appears the bond
 That weaves all Pats together,
 E'en TIM lets fall
 No drop of gall,
 And REDMOND stints his blether.
 SAUNDERSON, too,
 Curses the screw
 Wherewith JOHN BULL doth bleed 'em;
 And, nobly rash,
 Would make a dash
 For true (financial) Freedom!
 Oh! the Shamrock, the green (and yellow)
 Shamrock!
 £ s. d.
 Henceforth must be
 Ould Oireland's symbol Shamrock!

PUNCH, NOT "WHUSKEY."

As everyone knows, it is the custom of the Scot to celebrate the birth of the New Year with copious libations. On the present anniversary, a "braw laddie" from Dundee in London was so overcome that he became "nae fou, but just a wee drappie i' the e'e." The next morning—New Year's Day—he was asked how he had enjoyed himself. "Hech! mon!" he said to his interlocutor, "we jest went amazing till they brought in the whuskey-punch. Then I fell. But mark ye, laddie, it waana the whuskey, but the punch, that did it. A douce dommed flattering body is that same punch, nae invigorating, that I wouldna mind, d'ye ken, taking a sample o' the same over the Border for the demnification of our ain meenister."
 [And he did.]

NOUGHTS AND CROSSES.

(Her Answer to Verses last week.)

How dare you write such verses—
 Such sland'rous rhymes, for shame!
 I'd have you to remember
 That two must play the game.
 I fear too little supper,
 Or some such slight alloy,
 Inspired your "Noughts and Crosses,"
 You cross and naughty boy!
 At least you'll be delighted
 To hear I loved my ball;
 My partners all were charming;
 I did enjoy it all!
 And once I may, in fancy,
 Have danced—just once, I may—
 "With some confounded fellow
 A hundred miles away!"
 You lent your "doubting demon"
 A rather ready ear.
 Of all such shady persons
 I warn you to beware.
 And let me add one whisper
 (Not that you'll care one jot),
 Your thoughts of me were—cross ones,
 My thoughts of you were—not!

Amid the mystic Green Glare of the
 Snapdragon Bowl.

Little Daisy. Oh, Captain BOSWELL, do
 look at Aunt JENNY! She looks just as
 she does when I go to wish her good-
 morning before she gets up!

[And Captain B. and Aunt J. are an
 engaged couple.]



THE LOYALISTS DISLOYAL;

OR, THE GARRISON GONE OVER.

CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH (ARTHUR B-L-F-R). "MY LIEGE! THE IRISH HOSTS, AT LENGTH UNITED, ARE AT THE GATES! OUR LOYAL GARRISON ESPOUSE THEIR CAUSE!"

THE BARON (LORD S-L-SB-RY, *gloomily*). "THEN, BY MY HALIDOM, OUR GOOSE IS COOK'D!"

(From a doosid Old Play.)



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MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Farmer (to Swell, dressed "in Ratcatcher," who, having come out to hunt with a crack pack, is standing holding his own horse). "Now, JACK, HAVE A GLASS! NO WONDER YOU LOST YOUR LAST PLACE, IF YOU CAN'T HOLD A HORSE BETTER THAN THAT!"

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

DEAR AND UNPREDANTIO MR. PUNCH,
A Happy New Year to you! My holidays are made unhappy, more or less, by the news that some proposterous old papyrus-hunter somewhere in Egypt has dug up the works, or part of them, of a new Greek poet! Confound the old grave-grubbing ghoul, why can't he leave History's rejected manuscripts in Time's waste-paper basket—as perhaps you will this in yours! BACCHYLIDES is the old beggar's beastly name, it seems, and he is said to have been a rival of PINDAR! Now, if ever there was a crabbed old high-falutin gusher, hard as nails to construe, and dull as ditchwater when you have construed him, it is PINDAR! What can we want with another of him? I wish that the two poets had demolished each other for good, like the Kilkenny cats. But surely one Greek ode-grinder is enough for the universe!

Now look here, Mr. Punch! England is now bossing Egypt. Let that splendid fellow, the Sirdar—Happy New Year to him!—put his foot down on grave grub-

bing and poet-hunting like a cart-load of Pyramid bricks, and that will be an additional and splendid reason for holding on to Egypt! As for the papyrus fragments of old BACCHYLIDES which are found—make pipe-lights of 'em! See to it, dear Mr. Punch, and oblige thousands of British schoolboys, including

Yours admiringly, BLOGGS MAJOR.

A DREADFUL STATE OF AFFAIRS AT MARKET HARBOROUGH.

Lord Charles Highflyer (despondently). There's too much frost to hunt, and not enough ice to skate; all the horses are coughing; the gov'nor writes to say that he's going to endow a new church; BINGO wires that all seats are booked for a fortnight at any theatre worth going to; FANNY CANTERLY is engaged to that ass BLINKERS; I've a bill overdue on Tuesday; HUMMINGBIRDIE BELLEVILLE threatens an action for breach of promise; Aunt GENISTA hasn't weighed in as usual; and some idiot has sent me a card with a robin on it, wishing me "All the Compliments of the Season!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

An audacious "detrimental" voice vengeance, and succeeds, in his dreams, with regard to a Damsel who has refused his advances on the previous evening at a country house.

THE tiny rills, that seek the stream,
Creep through the heather 'neath the fern,

Unknown, forgotten as a dream
That scarcely gives to night a turn.
The winter snow, the summer sun,
May make them wax and then decline;
But in their purpose they are One,
Sooner or later they combine.

Fair, fleecy clouds that flock the sky
With little languors lean and light,
Like lashes long of Heaven's eye,
Are guileless of its thund'rous might.
But, as the rivulet, the cloud
Foregathers heavy, filled with ire,
And lifts its angry voice aloud,
Charged with the majesty of fire!

The stone that rolls in yonder reach,
Hurled to and fro by every tide,
Is but a plaything of the beach,
An enemy the cliffs deride.
Yet in the coming by-and-by,
When fierce the wave and high the blast,
The cliffs will learn their doom is nigh;
The pebble wins the game at last!

A man of worth and dauntless pride
Once reared a castle on a hill,
And thence his eager foes defied
To do his resting-place an ill.
And truly one by one they fell,
By watch and valour ever cleft;
United, though, they broke the spell,
And knight and castle were bereft!

There was a maiden fain to live
As princess in a fragrant land,
And oh! she said she would not give
To any cavalier her hand.
But then there came a stalwart knave—
A many-witted lad was he—
His many wits made her his slave,
And gladly she his bride would be.

This is a song I sing to you
In feeble rhythm, halting rhyme;
But 'tis the story still as true
As when it hymned the Birth of Time.
I will survive your bitter slight,
Your scathing taunts, your great disdain.

I will—I wake! By George, it's
light!
And I must catch the early train!

Filial Economy.

Irate Father (to young Hopeful). I thought you intended to turn over a new leaf, Sir!

Young Hopeful. So I did, but there were such a lot of blanks on the old page that I thought it would be a pity not to fill them up!

[Begins the New Year with a fresh turnover—of parental cash.]

At Frangipani's Restaurant.

Customer (inspecting bill). Here, waiter, you've charged me eightpence for coffee! I've never paid more than sixpence before.
Waiter. Ah! but, Sir, Signor FRANGIPANI 'ave just buyed a new coffee-machine.

A SUGGESTION TO MADAME FRANCE (in want of a representative in London).—
Why not try the effect of a French polisher on British oak?

READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



THOMAS, VISCOUNT B-W-L-S OF THE BOSPHORUS.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, an heraldic cap'en or cuttle-fish sapient, holding in sinister tentacle a master-mariner's certificate; 2nd, two pairs of ducks, worn alternately for distinction, displayed proper; 3rd, on a mount arabesque a diminutive cavalier in his glory urgent (motto, "Noctem in rotingro"); 4th, an eastern khalif or sultan on a field sanguine, charged with a halo for benevolence. *Crest*: A demi superior purson erect collared, semée of hurts displaying regal hauteur, charged in the middle with a nautical telescope effrontée. *Supporters*: Two sea-dogs or antique "saulls" regardant timbrette, arrayed all proper, couped at the elbow and knee, and the limbs replaced by artifices.



BARON B-RTL-TT OF SHEFFIELD.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, sable a turkish imperial star and crescent quixotically flaunted (motto, "Without stain"); 2nd, a swazi chieftain dancetté, labelled "Silomo," armed and accoutred proper, and habited—well, ahem!—suitably to a tropical climate; 3rd, on an heraldic provincial platform a knight rampant and demonstrant charged with a peroration grandiloquent to the last; 4th, a private chart proper, showing the principal ports and soundings on the coast of Poland, discovered and surveyed by the present baron. *Crest*: An american or spread-eagle bearing the union-jack displayed, over all a sun in splendour which never sets. *Supporters*: Dexter, a more or less british lion in fury bearing a fire-arm proper periodically discharged at random; sinister, a russian bug-bear passé and out at elbows, suitably bound for transport to the wilds of hysteria. *Second motto*: "Oh, Swaziland! my Swaziland!"

IN THE LONDON FOG.

"B. AND S." writes as follows from Chickweed Park, Hants:—

In the interest of science it may be well to record a plain statement of the impression made on the overwrought and peculiar organisations of two individuals by the fog in London the other night. The night of its appearance I was staying at the Grand Hotel, Northumberland Avenue, with a friend, and we both sallied forth dinnerless by way of the Strand to the Gaiety Theatre, stopping several times en route—the journey from Charing Cross occupying just over two hours. We agreed to sup after the play. On arriving at the theatre we both experienced a dull, dead depression of the brain, and neither of us can even now tell what was the name of the piece, or what it was all about. How we got back to the Grand through the murky gloom I know not. Our symptoms can only be described as those of semi-stupidity, and the hotel porter, who helped us into bed, was clearly of opinion that we had had too much chloral, for he begged us to be careful with the matches. We slept dead-dog sleeps, unconscious of everything, and woke late the next morning, incapable of eating breakfast. There was a kind of buzzing in my head, with a nauseating desire to avoid food. We resolved to return to the country at once. Somehow we reached Waterloo station, and were rolled like milk cans into the train. What happened during the journey neither of us knows, but luckily the guard was an old friend, and pulled us out at the right station. Still the same stupor oppressed us, and when we got

home the manservant and the gardener had to carry us upstairs.

Next day I awoke, feeling no better, and discovered that I had retired to rest in my hat, placed my boots under the pillow, hung my trousers out of the window, and put my watch and chain in the water-jug. On crawling to my friend's room, I found that he was nowhere visible, and his couch had not been slept upon. Seriously alarmed, I was about to pull the bell for assistance, when I heard stertorous noises proceeding from the wardrobe, one of the roomy old-fashioned kind. My poor friend was doubled up in it, feebly calling "steward." I summoned assistance, and

had him, despite my own wretched plight, carefully tucked up in bed. We slept for fifty-three hours, with intervals for the consumption of soda water. This evening I am rather better, but it has taken me all day to write this letter. The swollen feeling of our heads is decreasing, but the burning pain of the eyeballs, the shaking of our hands, and the parched condition of our tongues, remain. What has happened to us? Will any scientist explain? The moral is, in any case, avoid London fogs. There can be no doubt that they contain a brumous poison of hypnotic power. Will chemists analyse it? If so, our sufferings will not have been useless, since humanity will profit by them.

[We gladly print the above remarkable experiences, but are disposed to believe, from internal evidence, that it was intended for a largely circulated daily contemporary.—Ed.]

At the Suedletoptshire County Ball.

Lady Patroness (to Mr. MacNifico (of MacNifico), who sits, like Eugene Aram, "apart from all, a melancholy man"). Now, I positively must introduce you to someone!

Mr. MacN. (crushingly). But there is positively nobody in the room!

[Retires, and spends the rest of the night in despatching five-shilling New Year's Cards to Members of the Aristocracy.]

WHAT THE LOVERS OF ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE LONG FOR IN CONNECTION WITH PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.—The end of the Chapter.



SUGGESTION FOR NEW COINAGE.

View of St. George on Motor-car and the Dragon.

ALADDIN AT THE LANE; OR, NEW LAMPS FOR OLD ONES.

BRILLIANT and artistic in costumes and kaleidoscopic effects of colour, tuneful in song (you hear a good deal of the Barrettone in it), graceful in dance, full of "go" as long as Miss ADA BLANCHE is on the stage, and arousing the crowded house to inextinguishable laughter whenever that most eccentric comedian Mr. DAN LENO is very much "in evidence," supported by the burly-esque actor, Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL, who may be considered as representing the breadth of the piece, and by tall Mr. FRITZ RIMMA representing the length, the Pantomime at Old Drury has entered on a successful career.

Its concoctors, Messrs. STURGESS and LENNARD, practised hands at this sort of work, can now afford to cut out and compress; and they would not have had to do this had they gone straight away with the old familiar story, and had they "come to Hecuba" in four scenes instead of in seven. It is a tribute to the arrangement and general supervision of Mr. OSCAR BARRETT to



Dan Drury Leno as The Second Mrs. Twankayray.

say that, from first to last, *Aladdin* is very "funny without being" in the least "vulgar." Thank goodness there is no "topical song"; while of "hits of the day" there are but few, and even these could be spared.

Trop de luxe in the costumes. Why run into the extravagance of three grand transformation scenes, when one would be ample? Why divide the pantomime in two parts, when the whole house would be content if, commencing (as it does now) at 7.30, it finished, harlequinade and all, by just five minutes to eleven?

Miss ADA BLANCHE, prince of burlesque princes, is admirable as *Aladdin*, working with a will that would keep going even a less successful extravaganza. DECIMA MOORE is a sweet *Badroulboudour*. Miss CLARA JONES is full of vivacity as a little Chinese maid; Miss PILLANS is a stylish *Prince Pekoe*, and Mr. ERNEST D'AUBAN shows himself worthy of the family name by his capital impersonation of the small part of the dancing-master.

DAN LENO as *Widow Twankay* is inimitable! Whether he smirks, or stares, or smiles, or frowns, or bows, or curtsays, or stumbles, or runs, or dances, or attempts to sing, or has a dialogue with HERBERT CAMPBELL, or is thoroughly happy or thoroughly upset, it doesn't matter what he does, the house is at once in roars of laughter. The audience cannot have enough of him, and he never overdoes anything.



Mephisto Campbell and Blanche à la "Show."

This version of *Aladdin*, "partly founded on the scenario of the late Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS," as written by Messrs. STURGESS and LENNARD, with Mr. OSCAR BARRETT's music and management, may be described as a something much more than a "Sturges and Lennard-cum-Barrett-ive success," since, judging from its reception by a densely crowded house on the fifth night of its existence, which was its ninth representation, it seems likely in every way to rival the most popular of its popular predecessors. May the New Lamps at Drury Lane burn as brilliantly as did the Old ones. So mote it be!

The Jolly Monarch of the Spree.

(Refrain of Song heard recently by a Correspondent at Berlin.)

"AND this is the moral of my song, which must, and always, be: I care for NOBODY, no not I! if NOBODY cares for me!"

HOW DID HE GET THERE?—A correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, referring to Ventnor, says, "Here is a town on English soil where the fairest northern winter sunshine may be enjoyed without crossing the seas." Has the long-talked-of tunnel between the mainland and the Isle of Wight been constructed? or has one of the legendary submarine passages been discovered? or have Spithead and the Solent dried up? The writer should really give his reasons for his startling statement.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—It is announced that "Sir ROBERT PERL's novel, *A Bit of a Fool*, will be published early in January." We understand that the work is not autobiographical in character.

HE MUST TRAVEL ACROSS SOMETHING.—The *Globe* states that Mr. H. M. STANLEY left Dover for Calais on December 29.

CABBY calls the new auto-cars his motormentors.



THE BEST OF ALL!

Anxious Mother. "WELL, BOBBY, AND HOW DID YOU BEHAVE AT THE PARTY?"

Bobby. "OH, MUMMY, I DIDN'T BEHAVE AT ALL. I WAS QUITE GOOD!"

THE MOST LEARNED PROFESSION.

(Some further Correspondence. See last week's "Times.")

SIR,—As all the campaigns in the future will be conducted entirely upon paper, I venture to suggest that the test provided for the efficiency of Army candidates by the proposed Woolwich entrance syllabus cannot be described as unduly severe. The sooner, in fact, that the standard is raised by the introduction of Obligatory Quantics and Dynamics of the Fourth Dimension, the better for the service and for all concerned. What, I ask, will be the use of our coming generals if, at the age of seventeen, they are unable to floor a five hours' paper in elementary subjects such as these, which are so highly necessary for a military career? What will become of their Intelligence Department if each budding lieutenant has not, at an early stage, mastered by heart so rudimentary an acquirement as a knowledge of CHAMBERS' 10,000 logarithms to seven places? I tremble to think of their certain breakdown in time of war, in grim and real earnest, if these important qualifications are neglected. Let the country awake to its responsibilities in time!

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A PROFESSOR OF HIGHER MATHEMATICS.

SIR,—Class II. in the Syllabus for Army Candidates might, with advantage, be extended. Metallurgy, the art of ceramics, high-class undertaking, scientific dress-making, legerdemain, the theory of top-dressing, dentistry, thought-reading, French cookery, plate-laying, the use of the tammy, and window-gardening should all be included in the education of our future warriors. You never know when an odd little piece of out-of-the-way knowledge may not be useful in dealing with the foe.

Yours faithfully, WHITE KNIGHT.

SIR,—I trust, I sincerely trust that these Army entrance examinations will be discontinued. We are already becoming inconveniently crowded. Our officers had better be made in Germany.

Yours, HANWELL.

SIR,—It would be well to introduce the Chinese system here. We want genuine *literati* in command of our battalions. Until archaeology and anthropology are taken up in a less half-hearted way than at present, I fear our existing system

of cramming can hardly be considered complete. What we want is the production of a corps of thoroughly nice and gentlemanly bookworms, well-versed in the literature of war, to conduct our theoretical military operations in the future.

Yours obediently,

BEDRIDDEN.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Colossus was content to bridge the harbour that opened on to Rhodes. In *The Yoke of Empire* (MACMILLAN), Mr. REGINALD BRETT strides across five Prime Ministers, and pats approvingly on the shoulder the Sovereign they have served. Incidentally he remarks that a rival commentator on history, one MACAULAY, "possessed a genius for commonplace." The Equator does not come in, or, with even more certainty than SYDNEY SMITH attributed to JEFFREY, Mr. BRETT would have spoken disrespectfully of it. As it is, he is occasionally above the rules of grammar, speaking, for example, of Mr. GLADSTONE's "relation to" the QUEEN. What he related is not reported. Minor authorities would probably have written of the ex-Premier's "relations with" Her Majesty. These little foibles apart, Mr. BRETT deals with an interesting subject in a bright, occasionally a picturesque, manner. A fault in style, if fault may be hinted in such connection, is that, treating each chapter as if it were a platform speech, he rounds it off with a peroration—a breathlessly long sentence, such as only Mr. GLADSTONE might be counted upon to deliver without stumbling. The volume is enriched by half-a-dozen portraits, of themselves worth more than its price. That of Mr. GLADSTONE is, my Baronite says, the very best presented of him during the last ten years.

With respect to *Echoes from the Oxford Magazine*, published some time ago, we are all of *Oliver Twist's* mind, and want "More." Mr. HENRY FROWDE, ever ready to oblige, has issued a second series, under the title, *More Echoes*. They are, like the contents of the preceding volume, culled from the luxuriant garden of the *Oxford Magazine*, having come up between 1889 and 1896. In a prologue, presumably written specially for this volume, "Q," an early contributor to the *Oxford Magazine*, shows what strength and perfect finish may be acquired as time flies and practice grows. A few of the colts are a little wild, presenting in their lightheartedness some amazing rhymes. Especially clever are Mr. MERRY's "Afternoon Sermons at St. Mary's," and T. R.'s "Meister Wilhelm in Oxford," which has a fine smack of CANNING's verse in the old Jacobin. As for Mr. GODLEY, he is an acrobat, almost a contortionist in rhyme. He can, my Baronite protests, do anything he pleases with syllables, has even wriggled a passable rhyme out of the apparently impossible DEMOSTHENES.

* The Baron has not seen the book reviewed by his Baronite, but, inspired, he proposes an original couplet:

"I send you a statue: regret it has lost 'the knees;
'Tis otherwise perfect. They say 'tis DEMOSTHENES."

BARON DE B.-W.

Rather Mixed.

THE following is from *The Irish Times* on "Landslips," December 31.

"To feel the solid earth rock beneath his feet, to have his natural foothold on the globe's surface swept, so to speak, out of his grasp, is to the stoutest heart of man terrifying in the extreme."

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE.

Q. The name of a long-ago celebrated fat French conjurer reminds one of a Christmas dish. What is that dish, and what is the name of the conjurer?

A. Plump-Houdin, naturally.

NOTE BY OUR OWN GOURMET ON THE COMMON SENSE OF SWINE.—You may cast myriads of pearls before the porker of commerce, and he will treat them with disdain, but throw a single truffle in his way, and lo and behold! what a self-satisfied epicure does he become! This fable shows that pigs have more refined appreciation of the good things of this world than many would-be fine ladies.

Ember-Cinders.

Lancelot (studying almanack). Mother, what's an Ember day?
Mother. One which we have to endure, when your father's forgotten to order the coals as he did yesterday.

APHORISM (by a female philosopher).—Blue Woman is often a sufferer by Black Mail.

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